

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY THE MASCULINE MICE WILL PLAY

The Pleasures of a Summer Vacation Are Often Entirely Forgotten When Friend Wife Discovers the Canary Dead and Hubby's Housekeeping Methods

By ELLEN ADAIR

AT FIRST thought it does seem a sensible plan that wives should have at least one good holiday in the year away from their homes and husbands. Their nerves require a thorough change of this sort and the dusty wheels will surely run all the easier on the greasy road of the life's separation.

Yet there are many wives who utterly refuse to take such a holiday. They declare that although the change of scene and society is delightful, the chaos which they find on their return is too appalling for mere words to express. They would rather give up this annual outing than face the music on their return.

"It takes a week's hard work, and sometimes longer," declared one wife, "to put the house to rights again, and the work I had to do when I was away completely undid the whole benefit of the preceding holiday! Nothing would tempt me to leave the home to the tender mercies of my husband again!"

Here is the opinion of a mere man on the subject. "I know of one wife," he declared, "who, in spite of her husband's oft-repeated suggestions that she was looking 'very peaky' and that two weeks with the children at the seashore would do her a world of good, utterly refused to accept the chance and has decided to remain at home. I feel quite sorry for the husband, for he had such a fine time last year looking after the house while his wife was being restored to health by the sea air."

"I should imagine," he continued, "that a woman must get very tired of looking after a household week after week, month after month, with a break to relieve the monotony of the weary hours of inaction. Women can't exist on novelette-reading alone, and it must be very trying to sit at the window, day long without seeing anything interesting."

This foolish man has evidently a strange idea of the manner in which the average housekeeper empties her mind. It is hard to convince some men that the woman who stays at home all day long has no idle time of it, but leads a life

quite as strenuous as their own, and sometimes even more nerve-racking, particularly when there are children in the question, and the never-ceasing wants of these children have to be attended to.

"A friend of mine," continued this masculine authority on the subject, "persuaded his wife to go to the seashore last year, and he honestly meant to welcome her back to a home as clean and orderly as the one she entrusted to his tender mercies for two weeks. Circumstances were against him, however, and when his wife and the children and the maid returned at the end of the fortnight, ready to enjoy the wonderful supper that had been promised them, they had to wait in the cab at the front door for an hour before my friend returned with the 'doorkey.' To this day the neighbors think that the husband had asked to the pawnbroker's to get a little money for the payment of that cabfare!"

"Finally, when they all got into the house, a dreadful scent presented itself to the feminine eyes of the party. It took my friend some time to revive his wife and the maid, when they entered the house and found the grate red with rust, thousands of burnt matches on the floor, the fireplace filled with cigar and cigarette ends, and islands of grease all over the fender! A good whiff of 'doorkey' however, soon revived their petrified tongues."

The gentleman above referred to certainly had made havoc of the neat, orderly house. His ideas on household management had been of the crudest. He had not washed a single dish since the departure of his wife, two weeks before. He said he wasn't going to bother with dish-washing, but expected all his men friends to give him a hand with the grand 'clean-up' before his family returned.

Of course, they basely deserted him at the last moment.

This husband has his counterpart in many others, and it is really small wonder that so many wives have declined the doubtful pleasures of leaving the house for two long weeks in their husband's charge!

is good and beautiful) and thought for others and made the basis of all education, religious or secular.

Second. Universal suffrage is the ideal of political freedom, but neither white or colored man should be allowed the privilege of suffrage unless each has a clean moral record of not less than seven years.

Third. A nation will only be truly free when children are taught to grow physically, mentally and morally through kind and useful lives, the result of obedience to the divine law of the ages.

Surely the results of Afro-American training, illustrated in "The Birth of a Nation" by views of students at Hampton and other institutions, and the thorough exposure of unscrupulous white politicians and false reformers should be enough to do away with any feeling of resentment by the Afro-American race against the play.

As one who has formed a high estimate of the evolutionary possibilities of the Afro-American race through personal association with those interested in social work, I am sorry to find that an historical play such as "The Birth of a Nation" should be the cause of inciting race prejudice.

The play teaches a mighty lesson to both white and colored, and it seems strange that lessons so plainly taught by the writer of the play should need to be pointed out.

Through bloodshed the United States came, but at the very moment that the Stars and Stripes waved over the States there were those who for their own selfish ambition put into action forces that led to the racial prejudice that has since existed and which has retarded the ideals of the man who freed the slave for the purpose of giving him opportunity to attain his humanitarian rights through right living.

An unscrupulous white politician does not understand the meaning of freedom any more than a colored politician of the same grade. To such the term "freedom" spells license. He has not yet attained to the mental and spiritual standard that enables a man of higher grade to see that only through obedience to the divine law which Jesus upheld as the precedent of all laws, and which Lincoln obeyed, is the only means by which an individual or people can be worthy of freedom.

In "The Birth of a Nation," the author clearly shows that the negro actions at the time they were freed were altogether the result of unscrupulous politicians, backed by one who, whilst he posed as a reformer, was really the slave of his own personal ambitions; hence blinded to the true interest of all whom he was professing to help, and therefore the author of all the ills of the South. Children, white or colored, can be bribed with candy or a nickel to do what is wrong, because so few have inherited that moral perception which enables them to do right for right sake.

So it is with adults who have not had the education that would have developed their higher faculties; they can be persuaded when an appeal is made to inherited desires to do as the one who bribes them wishes.

It is said that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." This applies most assuredly to an education that fails to make the law of love the basis and thought for the basis of all progress. We have in consequence of this failure our low-grade criminals and our high-grade ones, those more highly educated making fools of the lower grades to accomplish their own ends.

A religion that fails to bring the emotional and intellectual faculties of man's nature into united action, through showing the relation of divine law to a life of kindness and usefulness, is of all powers, the most criminal, for it promises to have the well-being of the human race at its object, and keeps it in ignorance of the evolutionary purpose of life—that purpose which Jesus emphatically taught in the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount.

This "The Birth of a Nation" does and without any wish to be unfair to the colored race. If there are some white people so narrow in their outlook that they cannot see the enormous difference between a laboring slave on the plantation, whose whole heredity and environment had made him the slave of his own instincts, and the upright living, and industrious colored man and woman who have learned to control their instincts, and are bringing up their children in becoming respectability, it is their own fault. They are forgetting their birthright of justice as Jesus did, for a mass of potage (souper) is given from witnessing the scene "The Birth of a Nation."

That is, the scene of the woman who was an equal desire of tendencies, the woman who is bringing with her the light of the best of all that

PROPER CHOICE OF SHOE MAKES PRETTY FEET

Muscles of the Feet Should Have Sufficient Exercise Every Day

A well-shaped foot is a thing any woman might justly be proud of. The only reason that every woman hasn't them is because she crowds her feet too much. If the toes are squeezed in to a central point it stands to reason that the joints of the big toes get enlarged, and often the foot is so squeezed that the big toe is made to meet the second toe and the first toe is doubled up and permanently deformed through the pressure of the other two against it.

If you look at a baby's foot you will notice that a straight line could be drawn from the centre of the end of the big toe through the centre of its base, and right down to the middle of the heel, and it is upon the preservation of this line that immunity from bunions depends.

High heels are harmful, as many medical men have pointed out, for giving the instep, as they do, an artificial supporting arch, they weaken the natural arch of the foot, causing a tendency to flat-footedness.

But it is doubtful whether even high heels do as much harm to the shape of the foot as a shoe that is too short or a shoe that is of the wrong shape. Most manufacturers show a tendency to make shoes with too little variation in the outline of the outer and inner part of the foot. They are too inclined, also, to make the toe of the shoe point off sharply in the centre instead of curving off gently and slightly toward the side.

If you have been wearing shoes and bunions are the result, the first thing to do is to get your shoes made so that they follow the natural outline of the foot. All the pressure on the inflamed joint must be relieved at once and everything done to bring it back to its natural position. In the first stages of a bunion it is often possible to achieve the last-named end by wearing pads of cotton-wool between the great and the first toe.

EXERCISE THE FOOT MUSCLES. Muscles of the foot should be exercised, too, if the foot is to keep in good shape. It must be the right kind of exercise, though, and too much pressure must not be put upon the muscles. Long standing, for instance, is very bad. Dancing, on the other hand, in heeled shoes is the best kind of exercise the feet can possibly have. You can be on your feet all day and yet not give the foot muscles the proper sort of exercise. Girls who do a great deal of housework get heavy on their feet in time, for housework often means a lot of standing, and when you stand a lot your weight gradually settles on the weakest part of the foot, the inside of the arch. No wonder, then, that the arch gives way beneath the strain!

Be careful about the shoes you choose. A pair of new shoes should never require stretching, for instance. They should fit comfortably as soon as you put them on. A good test as to whether you are wearing proper shoes is to try taking a long walk in them. If at the end of the walk you feel little or no discomfort you may be sure that they are the right kind. But if, on the other hand, your feet are tired and sore you will realize that your footgear is not quite what it should be. You needn't have ugly, clumsy-looking shoes for walking, for shoes can be dainty and well-fitting also. It is always false economy to buy cheap ones. Save a little on your dress and spend more on your footgear, and in time you will be pleased with the result.

STREET SCENE IN PARIS



The Champs Elysee, outside the Carlton Hotel, which has been turned into a Russian hospital for the wounded.

FORTITUDE OF THE WOUNDED FRENCH SOLDIER UNFAILING

Scenes at the Gare du Nord Indicate the Spirit With Which the Men Have Entered the World-shaking Battle of the Nations

By ELLEN ADAIR

PARIS, Aug. 17.—The Gare du Nord always presents a scene of great activity, and when the Red Cross trains come in from the front all is bustle and excitement. No one but the doctors and their orderlies are allowed on the particular platform at which the trains arrive, and a long procession of wounded on stretchers are hurried out to the waiting ambulances.

The other day, when returning from a village in the outskirts of Paris, my train drew up slowly alongside a Red Cross train, and as we passed each carriage the sights we saw were terrible.

On rough mattresses or generally heaps of straw, the poor fellows were lying, and many of them appeared to be dead. Some lay writhing in agony, face downward, with their arms stretched above their heads, while others were rolling about and moaning terribly. It was perfectly heartrending to see them in that condition.

OPTIMISM OF THE FRENCH. Our train stopped opposite a window at which stood a soldier with a blood-stained bandage round his head and his arms bound up. "I am afraid you are badly hurt," I said.

"We have just come from the front," he answered, "and the journey is a little trying. My hand was blown off this morning, and there is only a rough dressing on the arm. I fear there will be another hemorrhage soon unless I am taken quickly to the hospital, where I was wounded in the head, too, only a few hours ago, and I fear that the eye is destroyed. But let us hope for the best!"

And this is the optimism of the French. His three companions lay on the floor, and one of them had no signs of life about him. "I fear that he is dead," said the man at the window, "he has been unconscious all the journey."

The orderlies and doctors arrived at that moment, and cut our conversation short. The occupants of the carriage were all carried out on stretchers, including the half-hearted soldier at the window, who had suddenly grown very weak and dazed by loss of blood.

IN A SHELL FACTORY. I obtained permission and safe conducts to visit a shell factory situated about 30 miles out of Paris, on condition that I would not divulge the location of the place nor the name of the town near which it stands, and this because the Germans are particularly anxious to discover the location of the shell factory and drop one destroying bomb thereon.

It took us one and one-half hours by train, and then we proceeded by motor car. There, amidst green fields, rose the buildings, and they covered 18 acres of ground.

No women are employed there, for the work is much too arduous. In the first great room we entered a hundred men were laboring at the big machines. They were black with dirt.

The steel was first of all poured through a great cylinder and then through a certain circular thickness. When it solidified it was cut into lengths and taken on to another machine. A great bore was attached to this and was driven into

the lengths of steel. In turn, to make them all hollow. This bore did not penetrate the whole length, but left a solid portion at one end, which, of course, was cut off considerably.

In a third machine shell cases were elongated, and as each came out their thickness was tested to the finest fraction of an inch.

From there we drifted into another great room to watch the making of those death-dealing little instruments, the hand grenades. They were formed of cast steel with a little shape of sand in the middle to preserve the hollowness, and looked exactly like small coconuts.

The hand grenade explodes because there is a little fuse inserted, and after a certain time, measured on the side of the hand grenade, the fuse sets fire to the powder and the little shell explodes. Hundreds of deaths have been caused through the soldiers holding the grenades beyond the appointed time and ignoring the time limit set. They should be thrown at the enemy within a few seconds of explosion—a dangerous performance!

Further on there is an arsenal, where the shells which are roughly made in this depot are sent to be finished.

I chatted with the man who worked the great engine in the shell department. He was a soldier, and had been wounded at the beginning of the war. One of his eyes was of glass, which gave him a peculiar air, but once one got accustomed to the fixity of his look he had quite a pleasant face.

"I have not seen my wife nor children for a whole year," he said, "for I have been hard at work since the outbreak of the war. They live 50 miles from here, and it is impossible for me to get away at such a time of pressure."

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The enthusiasm ran very high, particularly over one song called "Vive l'Italie," where the chorus was handed round among the audience. This ditty recounted how the Kaiser had fondly imagined he was going to have Italy under his heel, but that Italy had shown now that she was a mind of her own on the subject, and would submit to no such tyranny.

At night we were entertained at a charming dinner by some English people and the whole visit proved most interesting.

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SEVERAL WOMEN FIT FOR SUPERINTENDENT

Suffrage Orator Gives Names of Educators Able to Head Schools

There are several capable women in Philadelphia who would be more than able to fill the position of Superintendent of Schools, according to Miss Bertha Sapovita, suffrage speaker, who addressed a crowd of several hundred persons at the Postoffice at noon today.

Mounted on an improvised platform and standing beside a suffrage banner, Miss Sapovita declared the discrimination which she said was made against women on many occasions.

"We Philadelphians have a serious problem before us today," she said. "I am referring to the filling of the position of Superintendent of Schools, a position made vacant by the death of Doctor Jacobs. It is an important and responsible position, and there is no reason why it should not be filled by a capable woman."

"Women are unjustly discriminated against on account of their sex, but if the cry of justice is heard, any one of such women as Miss Katharine Pusehoun, Mrs. Lucy L. Wilson, Mrs. Mrs. Wilson, head of the Department of Biology at the Philadelphia Normal School and principal of the William Penn Evening High School, is a candidate for higher office. She has been proposed for the principalship of the South Philadelphia High School for Girls and also for the superintendency of Schools, vacated by the death of Dr. William C. Jacobs.

Objection has been made to Mrs. Wilson because she is a mother. To this objection Miss Katesstein indignantly replied.

"Should Doctor Wilson be punished because she exercised the duty upon which the universe itself depends? The fact that she educated her son, once a mute, into healthy, normal manhood, indicates in itself that she is capable of understanding the problems of the young."

Miss Yeager, an attorney of this city, severely criticizes the "nameless individual" who makes the charge of motherhood against Doctor Wilson, and asks that credit be given where credit is due.

Cherry Time. "Cherries are ripe! Cherries are ripe!" sang Billy Robin from the top of the old pine tree.

"Cherries are ripe! Cherries are ripe!" chirped Tommy Sparrow from his perch in the pear tree nearby.

"Cherries are ripe! Cherries are ripe!" echoed Billy Blackbird, for once joining in with the song of the others. And even the Katy-did down in the grass seemed to say, "Cherry ripe—cherry ripe—cherry ripe!" though, of course, Old Man Owl might just have imagined that he had his tongue sticking out.

"Whoever did hear of such silly creatures as those birds are!" grumbled Old Man Owl crossly.

Further on there is an arsenal, where the shells which are roughly made in this depot are sent to be finished.

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CHILD, 12, MAKES TRIP TO ALASKA ALL ALONE

Goes From Home in Washington, D. C., to New York and Then Canada Unaccompanied

How safely a child can travel was illustrated in the case of a girl 12 years old, the daughter of Bertha Knatvoed Mallett, a well-known writer, who, starting from Washington, D. C., reached Nome, Alaska, on a visit to her father in perfect safety.

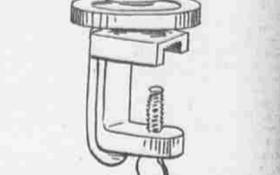
The little girl, with \$70 in her pocket, left Washington for New York city; from New York city she reached Montreal. There she placed herself in charge of the officials of the Canadian Pacific train going to Vancouver. These officials say to her that she was comfortable; that she got her meals on the car, and that her bill of money went as far as possible.

Everything she spent on the trip was put down in figures, and when her grandmother met her at Vancouver, there was a solemn audit of the account, which showed that the child, out of her \$70, had about \$35 left.

Cash Needed to Aid "Shut-ins" The Pennsylvania Branch of the Shut-in Society is urgently in need of funds to complete its summer work among the invalids of the city. There is no money in the treasury for outings, and many appeals for trips are being added daily.

A Knife Sharpener Many an otherwise good and festive meal has been spoiled by a dull carving knife or by an ill-curved roast. Of course, it is never the fault of the carver, so implements, being dull and unresponsive, have to bear the brunt of accusations. The latest device for all-round kitchen utility is a small knife sharpener, which is made in such a manner as to screw on the kitchen table, and having a narrow slit in which the knife is inserted. A handle is turned, and in a few minutes a new, dangerously sharp knife is the result. These arrangements come in several sizes according to the thickness of the knives, and the prices vary in proportion.

A Knife Sharpener



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Man Owl crossly. "Just because cherries happen to be ripe, am I to lose the sleep I need? Never did I know such a noisy set of birds as we have in this garden. I think I will tell them to eat their cherries if they want to, but to keep still about it." So he opened his eyes a crack, looked around to see who was nearest and called out sternly, "Fool—fool—keep still!"

Billy Robin up in the pine tree right over Old Man Owl's head heard him and replied: "Oh, are you awake, Friend Owl? I was just wishing you would wake up so I could tell you about the lovely cherries in yonder tree!"

"Am I awake?" asked Old Man Owl in disgust. "Ask me, rather, if I can sleep with all this noise! If you care so much

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